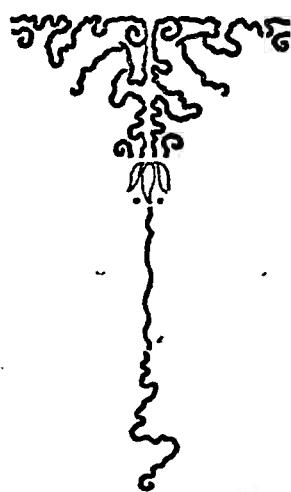


POEMS

of a Pioneer.



By WILLIAM GERROND.

HIS little booklet contains a few of the poems of MR. WILLIAM GERROND, one of the pioneers of Canada. The greater portion of his poems were burned in a fire some years ago, and the writer, who is now nearly eighty years old, is unable to recall them.

We are having what remains printed, that his friends and admirers may keep in memory their kind and genial writer, and also many of the early scenes and struggles of pioneer life in Ontario and Manitoba.

Mr. Gerrond enjoys a position that few are permitted to reach, that of having taught school for fifty-three years. He is still hale and hearty, and is residing a few miles from Prince Albert, Saskatchewan.



BEAUTIFUL MOON

O, beautiful moon, thou hast come from the east,
Where still my heart lingers with those I love best,
From Bayfield's wild woodland and Egmondville grove,
Where beat the fond hearts that I tenderly love,
From the old maple tree that waves in the dell,
And the little log cottage beside the spring well,
How left you my little ones, yet in their bloom?
O, tell me. O, tell me, thou beautiful moon.

O, beautiful moon, say, before you depart,
How left you my Bella, the joy of my heart?
Like me, did she whisper a word in your ear?
And blow you sweet kisses to take to her dear?
Or, say, has there evil or danger come nigh?
To trouble her bosom or sadden her eye;
O, say, does she sit in despondence and gloom?
O, tell me, O, tell me, thou beautiful moon.

O, beautiful moon, I have wandered with thee,
Far, far from the cot by the old maple tree.
A wilderness wild lies between me and mine,
And lonely I stray on the Assiniboine;
O, say, lovely moon, can you tell me, O when
My loved ones will gather around me again?
God keep and protect them, and send them all soon,
O, haste back and tell them, thou beautiful moon.

— X —

FIRST ELECTION IN MANITOBA

If there is in all the land,
A wight that's able to command
Warlocks and witches in a band,
That man is Robbie Cunningman.

O father, father, he did cry!
O father, help me or I die!
My voters all before me fly,
O help, cried Robbie Cunningman.

The old goodman in petticoats,
Said, "Fear not, fear not, man of oats,
For I'll get thee galore of votes,
Be not afraid, good Cunningman."

"Round all this land where Frenchmen dwell,
(And how it's done no tongue may tell),
I'll cast a fearful, potent spell
In favor of thee, Cunningman,

"The new-born babe I'll make a man,
The maiden fair shall breeches don,
And hunters from Saskatchewan,
Shall all be here for Cunningman.

"So Robbie, dear, be not afraid,
I'll make the grave give up its dead,
And every patient sick in bed
Shall rise, and vote for Cunningman."

"But father, dear, hear me, I pray,
To-morrow is the polling day,
Saskatchewan's a long, long way,
I doubt, I doubt," said Cunningman.

"Doubt not, O man, doubt not my power !
I tell thee that within this hour
My witches on the plains shall scour
Saskatchewan for Cunningman."

Sights were seen on White-horse plain,
Such sights will ne'er be seen again,
New-born babes turned into men,
To vote for Robbie Cunningman !

Old wrinkled wives turned young again,
And maidens changed to bearded men,
And dead folks left their lonely den
To vote for Robbie Cunningman !

It was a fearful, potent spell,
Bedridden carles all got well,
'Tis even said some came from h—l !
To vote for Robbie Cunningman.

A VOICE FROM BIRDTAIL

There's as gude land at Bird Tail Creek
As e'er gaed wark to pleuch or harrow,
As fertile soil as man need seek,
Among the rolling plains o' Arrow.

For fruitfu' soil, luxuriant grass,
For lake, and spring, and stream and meadow,
This land a' others does surpass,
That ever I hae seen or read o'

The inhabitants as yet hae been
The buffalo, bear, the fox, and beaver,
And dusky Indians hunting them,
Along the banks o' Arrow river.

But noo a change has broke' the spell,
And sturdy chiels wi' pleuch and harrow,
Are working hard on the Bird Tail,
And breaking up the braes o' Arrow.

This fertile land to us did say
"Sit down, you are the foremost comer,
I've waited for you many a day,
And lang wish'd for you many a summer.

"You're welcome here, sit down and rest,
For your ain gude, do not forsake me,
Ye people far from the Nor'-West,
I'm here for asking, come and take me."

Whae'er may read this sang o' mine,
Composed the 18th of November,
Take notice to the last four lines,
And in your inmost mind remember—

There's as gude land at Bird Tail Creek,
As e'er gaed wark to pleuch or harrow,
As fertile soil as man need seek
Upon the bonny braes o' Arrow.

Bird Tail Creek, Nov. 1879.

—PIONEER.

REMINISCENCE

O, the happy days of childhood I never can forget,
Though now we are getting far apart,
But sometimes in my mind come scenes of auld lang syne
And I see them all the time with my heart.

There's the bonny Boreland Bay, and the bonny Isle of
And Kirk Aners lying low on the shore, [Fleet
And Borguekirk on the hill wi' the hooses roon its feet,
Frae Billy's roon to Johnnie Clinton's store.

There is the Academy that always seemed so high,
With reverence I name the hallowed spot,
Though Euclid, and Hutton, and Murray used to try
To confuse the wee ween brains I had got.

The clattering Ra' is there ayant the big Nacan,
And Carleton where Jean Bee once stood lauching,
And May Kingin's burnie, as pure as ever ran,
And the woods and heighs and hows o' Balmaguachan.

There's Houston's o' Brig-end wi' the clear stream riu-
And Plunton Castle standing all alone, [nin by,
And the stile into the meadow, and the coopark dyke so
And the cottage that I used to call my home. [high

There's the hill ' back-o-hoose, and the hill afore th' door.
And the Clae hill, and heichain Granny high,
And distant Cairnharrow, and lofty Cairnsmoor,
An the four and twenty wee things rinnin by.

There's Rainton on the hill, and the cairn on the bar,
And Molly Manson's coihouse on the brae,
And auld Garnymire where the Girthon witch o' yore,
Danced her cantrips doon the burn to the sea.

There's the auld Kirk-o-Girthon, near Laganorie brae.
And the cally woods, so beautiful to see,
And the Gatehouse on the Fleet and the mountains all
From Endrich to the Ferrytown of Cree. [the way,

O, the happy days o' childhood, I never can forget,
Though now we are getting far apart,
But sometimes in my mind come scenes o' auld lang syne
And I see them all the time with my heart.

A DUET.

TUNE—“WHEN YE GANG AWA’ JEMY.”

Will ye gang wi’ me lassie;
Doon to the banks o’ Dee, lassie,
And see the laverock in the lift,
And lillie on the lea, lassie?

I doot I canna gang, laddie,
To hear the laverock’s sang, laddie,
My mammie, she wud angry be,
If I would tarry lang, laddie.

Then doon beside the rill, lassie,
Meet me at murk, yersel, lassie,
And when the laverock’s in her nest,
A love tale I will tell, lassie.

I canna gang wi’ thee, laddie,
Doon to banks o’ Dee, laddie,
My daddie’s gane, my mammy’s frail,
And has nae bairns but me, laddie.

Now, dearly I love you, lassie,
You are so leal and true, lassie,
Your mammie will my mammie be
I’ll tend baith her and you, lassie.

Oh, then I’ll gang wi’ thee, laddie,
Doon to the banks o’ Dee, laddie,
And see the laverock in the lift,
And lily on the lea, laddie.

— x —

IN MEMORY OF MY DEAR SISTER, MRS. DUFF.

Her childhood passed on Scotland’s braes
Mang Rainton hills so high,
She pu’d the gowan on the Fleet,
And daisy on the Dee.
The auld and young baith far and near,
Aye happy were to see,
The bonny, winsome, smiling face,
Of Bella of the Dee.

• The lassie to a woman grew,
But fate had this in store—
That she must leave her native land,
And see the braes no more.
Though strangers all were kind to her,
As kind as kind could be,
Her dreams were all of Scotland's hills,
And bonny banks o' Dee.

Then Robert Duff, a stalwart chiel,
The elder one, I mean,
Conveyed her into Turnberry,
And happy was, I ween,
And there she passed her married life,
Wi' bairns upon her knee.
Far, far frae Scotland's broomy knowes,
And banks o' bonny Dee.

Till death, that lets naebody be
On Bella gaed a ca'
Oh, mony hearts were sair to see,
Our sister taen awa!
By Maitland's stream, far in the west,
She resteth silently,
Far, far from Scotland's hills and dales,
And banks of rolling Dee !

Oh, Bella dear, the pure, the good,
Her creed was truth and love,
For all her thoughts and words and acts,
Were sure to point above,
A sister, and a mother, too,
She always was to me,
And all who knew her loved her well,
Sweet Bella of the Dee !

THE COONTY COO.

The Coonty was as gude a coo
As ever filled a pail,
Har wet the lips o' mony a moo,
And hitchen'd mony a meal,
And mony aane can tell ye hoo
Gude was the milk o' the coonty coo.

Lang ago, when the bairns were wee,
And coonty folks were scant;
The folks that cum the milk to pree,
Got mair than they did want,
And jaups o' new milk often flew,
Frae the milk stoup o' the coonty coo.

In coarse o' time the bairns grew up,
And other folks cam' in,
Which caused but few to get a sup,
Wha said 'twas fearfu' thin,
And late-come settlers hardly knew
There was sic a thing as a coonty coo.

But twa-three fallows kennin weel
The coo was growin' yell,
Would put her in a nice wee fiel
And keep her to themsel,
They said that it would never do
To let folks milk the coonty coo.

Ae night at e'en they a' did meet,
And fenced roon and roon,
Laid off a road to be a street
Of the new coonty toon,
And built a byre braw and new,
And in it put the coonty coo.

Wha got the new milk after that,
Is mair than I can tell,
Some outside folks say they that met
Aye drank it a' themsel';
At ony rate there's just a few
That fatten on the coonty coo.

There is a castle in this land,
Where coonty knights do meet,
Some wi' a smile, some wi' a brand,
They ane anither greet,
These are coonty knights so high,
That forage for the coonty kye.

And some o' them are sturdy knights,
And tak' mair than their share,
And mony are the awfu' fights
And quarrels that are there,
But every ane aye tries to pu'
The maist he can to his coonty cow.

The coonty carles that we sent there,
For lang and mony a day,
Aye let the biggest bill o' fare
Be pu'd the other way,
And lank, and lean, and plain to view,
Grew the banes o' oor gude coonty coo.

Noo wha will go to the castle hall,
O, wha so stout and strong,
Wha will go to the castle hall
These sturdy knights among,
Wha o' heart so stout and true,
As fight for the feed o' the coonty coo.

Up spoke a sturdy border wight,
A wight baith stoot and strong,
"I will go to the castle hall,
These sturdy knights amoung,
And cudgel them, both black and blue,
Till I get the feed for the coonty coo."

Hurrah, hurrah for the border wight,
Now give him three times three,
Hurrah, hurrah for the border wight,
For a valiant man is he;
All honor, sir, we'll give to you,
If you get the feed for the coonty coo.]

The Borderer's to the castle gone,
And threw his gauntlet down,
"I want the feed that you hae ta'en,"
The wight said with a frown.
He said, "I want the feed from you
That you've kept from oor coonty coo."

Big Geordie gave a guttural lauch,
And D'Arcy cried, "Ha, ha,"
And clever Mac. his wine did quaff,
And Dougall sneaked awa',
And little, jumping Parle-voo,
Said : "Hunt the feed o' your coonty coo."

The Border wight pu'd Dougall's nose,
And D'Arcy's neck did throw,
And clever Mac. he threw on his back,
And broke big Geordie's jaw,
And cracked the croon o' Parle-voo,
And demanded the feed o' his coonty coo.

"Now hold your hand, stout border wight,
Now hold your hand I pray,
And you shall get your coonty right,
And that this very day,
Yes, by gar," said Parle-voo,
"We'll have no more of his coonty coo.

Hame soon cam' the coonty right,
And no' lang after that
The coonty coo could get a bite,
And she grew sleek and fat,
And jaws o' milk at c'enning flew,
And filled the stoup o' the coonty coo.

The border wight has quit the war,
And's landed safe at hame,
And a' the men and maiden's fair
Sang praises to his name,
Till he thought that he would wet his moo'
Wi' a drink o' milk frae the coonty coo.

But gudesake, he had hardly weel
His leg laid ower the fence,
When a signal note blew loud and shrill,
‘Noo—has he lost his sense?
The coonty milk is no’ for you,
We drink the milk o’ the coonty coo.”

A dark, dark shade cam’ ower his broo,
He kenn’d na what to think;
He thought as he had fed the coo
He weel deserved a drink,
But the fenced-in lads together drew,
To guard the milk o’ the coonty coo.

The Border wight held high his head,
His eyes glanced like the fire,
Then with a firm and haughty tread
He stalked into the byre,
The fenced-in lads all ran in too,
To guard the milk o’ the coonty coo.

“I’ve fought your fight, and got the feed,
And sent it hame to you,
And the beast that ance was nearly dead,
Is noo a gude fat coo;”
The fenced-in lads said, “That is true,
But ye’ll no’ get a drap frae the coonty coo.”

Then his voice grew loud and stern,
“Now, since ye’ve been so mean,
I’ll milk the coo, and kern the kern,
And tak’ the butter hame,
The buttermilk I’ll leave to you,
It’s a’ you’ll get o’ the coonty coo.

Then the sturdy Border wight,
Took up the byre skupe,
And knocked ‘em left and kicked ‘em right,
And shovelled them in the grupe,
And plaistered ilka babbling moo,
Wi’ sharen o’ the coonty coo.

Up to the gude auld coo he came,
And felt her gude fat rib,
And clawed her neck, and clapped her wame,
And threw a bite into the crib,
Then to his foot the stoup he drew,
And quietly milked the coonty coo.

— x —
HEATHER FRAE THE BRAES O' DOON.

Auld Sandy stands on Bayfield's Bank
A hearty, hale auld carle is he
And all around he looks wi' pride;
His acres braid are fair to see.

His acres braid are fair to see,
He proudly ca's them a' his ain,
Where ance grew nocht but forest trees,
Are bonny fields o' waving grain.

He ance was poor as poor could be,
His only wealth, his brawny arms,
An honest heart and industry,
A thrifty wife and bonny bairns.

Wi' brawny arms he felled the trees,
Wi' industry he filled the barn,
His thrifty wife wi hame-made claes,
Kept a' the bairnies snod and warn.

Weel may he look aroon wi' pride,
He manfully has earned it a',
His fruitfu' clearings lang and wide,
His weel stocked farm and plenished ha'.

But whiles a shade sits on his broo,
And whiles he heaves a heavy sigh,
When thinking on the days of yore,
His youthful days that's lang gaen by.

“Noo, what can ail my husband dear,
My ain guidman, come tell to me,
Why heave that sigh, and drap that tear,
Why dwells the sorrow in your ee?

For we hae routh o' warl's gear,
And bairn's bairns sit on your knee,
Then what can ail my husband dear?
My ain guidman come tell to me."

"My dear gudewife, I'm growing auld,
My years are noo three score and ten,
And I would like, before I die,
To wander roon the banks o' Ken.

And pu' a posy on the Fleet,
And tread the hills o' crystal Cree,
And see the primrose glens so sweet,
Upon the bonny banks o' Dee.

And, ere the rising o' the sun,
And when the heather is in bloom,
To pu' a sprig, and fetch it here,
O' heather frae the braes o' Doon.

Fu' weel I ken this canna be,
But I will send a letter soon,
To ane that ance was dear to me,
And dwells upon the braes o' Doon.

And he will pu' a sprig o' heath,
The blooming heather fair to see,
And send it here, across the sea,
To glad ance more an old man's ee."

His friend stands on the braes o' Ayr,
And noo the heather is in bloom,
And near him stands his daughter fair,
The bonniest maid upon the Doon.

"Come here to me, my daughter dear,
My daughter dear, come here to me,
For I hae got a kind letter,
Frae Sandy Broadfoot o'er the sea.

Noo, Sandy was my comrade, dear,
In happy days that's lang gaen by,
And roamed amang the heather here,
When we were callants herding kye.

And like mysel' he's growin' auld,
And's in a foreign far country,
And thinks upon his youthfu' days,
And fain the heather wad he see."

The maiden fair, like mountain sprite,
Has gaen where heather is in bloom,
And pu'd, beneath the fair moon-light,
Some heather frae the braes o' Doon.

And she has knelt upon the moor,
And raised her een right piously,
And prayed for blessings on the heath,
And her father's friend ayont the sea.

And she has wrapp'd it roon wi' care,
And sent it to this far country,
Noo Sandy's heart will sigh nae mair,
And gladness beams within his ee.

And he has put within a frame,
The bonny heather in the bloom,
And shows to a' wi' Scottish pride,
The heather frae the braes o' Doon.

And when he's at his latest breath,
Afore his spirit gangs aboon,
He'll take a lingering farewell look
At heather frae the braes o' Doon.

—X—

IN MEMORY OF BELLA GERROND.

Our home, a bright and happy home,
A home once free from grief and care,
Has changed, and Death has called away
The little girl we loved so dear.

She was a bright and happy child,
Who filled our home with mirth and glee,
From morn till night we miss her song,
Our Bella, dear, no more we'll see.

Six summers only had she seen,
Six summers and a little more,
When God did call her from our home,
To meet the friends that's gone before.

No more we'll see her loving eyes,
Nor hear her sweet and gentle voice,
That filled our home with happiness,
And always made our hearts rejoice.

Her pretty toys are laid away,
No more she needs her little chair,
All earthly things have passed and gone,
Her Heavenly Father called her there.

Now Death has called another home,
Her little cousin, fair and young,
Has left us all to mourn her loss,
And gone to join her round the throne.

“Dear mother, do not weep for me,
Dear father, do not heave a sigh,
Dear friends, 'tis but a little while,
And we will all meet bye-and-bye.

“With care I'll watch the little road,
And when God calls you for his own.
I'll meet you at the golden gate,
And gladly welcome you all home.”

When many years have passed away,
This poor and simple little rhyme,
May bring to memory one so dear,
Who lived with us so short a time.

—ANNIE E. GERROND

ON BEING JEERED AT FOR WASTING TIME ON THE MUSES.

I love to gaze on the evening star,
When the sun's far down in the west,
When no rude voice is heard afar
And the world is hushed in rest;
For then my thoughts are holier far,
Than amongst mankind's discordant jar.

Yon mountain high I love to scale,
At the dawning of the day,
And hear the warbler's music shrill
And see the lambkins play.
For then my thoughts do soar afar,
Above mankind's discordant jar.

When the moon sends forth her silvery rays,
And peace and silence reign,
Yon crystal stream I love to trace,
That's winding down the glen,
Where the woodman's hut is placed afar,
From mankind's rude, discordant jar.

Ah, ye who mock and jeer at the muse,
And worship Mammon's store,
Ye little know what joy ye lose,
Supplied to the flowing o'er,
Jeer on, jeer on, ye may scorn and scoff,
There's a charm in the muse ye know not of.

— X —

TO THE GUARDIANS OF MANITOBA AT OTTAWA.

Three million acres given awa'
Noo gudesake only hear!
Thae guardian chiels at Ottawa
Would gar a Quaker swear.
Sir John & Co., it isna fair
To keep the youngest bairn so bare.

When Manitoba first drew breath,
A wee provincial bairn,
Baith you and yours then swore an oath
You'd keep the waen frae harm,
And o' her tocher tak gude care,
And as her sisters she would fare.

Her sisters soon got claes and shoon,
And gloves and wrappers braw,
And in the bank had mony a pound,
And woods and lands, and a';
While Manitoba was made happy
Wi' petticoats o' shag-a-nappy.

And when the bairn a lassie grew,
And asked for a new frock,
You grinn'd and smiled, and shook yer paw,
And very kindly spoke,
And didna' gi'e a single rap,
But eke'd the auld wi' shag-a-nap.

Ontario and a' the rest,
You've busket up fu' braw,
While Manitoba's sairly press'd,
And's got maist nocht ava!
You've tied her feet, you've tied her hands,
And robbed her o' her woods and lands.

The time may come, nay, come it will,
When she will have the power.
And the Dominion Capital
Will be within her bower;
The Federal centre she will stand,
The greatest power in the land.

And when from Nelson river's shore
She sends her ocean fleets,
When ambassadors from every power
Shall daily walk her streets;
Sir John & Co may rue right sair
They kept the youngest bairn so bare.

For Manitoba grows apace,
And cries wi' a' her might;
She cares na' wha's in power or place,
She only asks for right.
She asks no favor at your hands,
Ye reaving loons; gi'e back her lands.

— x —

READ AT A CONCERT AT GLADSTONE

24th August, 1881.

Gude e'en tae lads and lasses a'
Gude e'en tae Mr. Chairman,
Wi' you I'm no' that weel acquaint
I've nae doot ye're a rare man.
I see you've got my name in full
For something that's original.

The other night, just at the door,
When speaking to my frien' Patmore,
I said that at the concert gay,
I would not hae a word to say.
"Na, na," said he, "that wadna do,
Frae you we look for something new."

Syne I toddled up the stairs,
Took off my hat and said my prayers.
The night was cauld. and wi' a shiver,
(Ye see the wife's at Arrow River),
I cuddled doon, fu' snug and bien,
And when I slept, I dreamt a dream.

Through the keyhole of the door,
And all along the bedroom floor,
A something crawled, then stood upright,
I'm sure 'twas twenty feet in height;
Sunlight dazzling was its ee,
It whispered, lowly, "Come wi' me,"
I shouted, "Bob," in this dilemma,
Bob kicked, and grumbling, murmur'd—Emma
The phantom said, wi' smiling face,

“I am the genius of this place,
And on this earth can hold discourse
Only with crazy brains like yours;
Let Robbie lie, he’s far ower wise
To mount the regions o’ the skies.”

“But come wi’ me,” the genius said,
And lifted me frae aff the bed,
And through the air wi’ lightning race,
Annihilating time and space,
Syne placed my back against a wa’
And stopped and ask’d me what I saw.

I look’d and saw—first Jemie Hammel,
The Fergusons and Johnny Cam’ell,
The Davidsons and Moffet good,
Whaley, Switzer, Robbie Wood,
And mony mair frae east to west,
Choosing the land they liket best,
The first band o’ prairie pioneers,
That’s settled here these many years.
And Jemie Hammel, noo divine,
Named this country—Palestine.

I ken’d that a’ was true he said,
And for awhile thought o’ the dead.

“Look,” said the genius, “o’er the green,
And tell me a’ that can be seen.”

I raised my een and looked again,
And saw young Gladstone on the plain,
And a’ the shops and trinkets rare,
And a’ the men and maidens fair,
And a’ the streets came into view,
Besides great Morris Avenue,
Sebastians, Logies and McQueen,
At their ain doorsteps could be seen,
Hamiltons, Davidsons, one and a’
The Mays, the Mill and Johnnie Small,
While at the corner of the square,
Stood lettered Patmore and St. Clare,

Wha represent the powerful great,
The champions o' the Fourth Estate
Malcolms, Jamisons, Wilsons, too,
Rentouls, McKelvey's, you and you,
And a' the rest I canna name,
But wish ye weel just a' the same.

But that that pleased me best of a'
The bonny bairns and lasses braw,
Wha rosy cheeks and bonny een,
Made me wish for youth again.

The genius said, wi' smiling face,
"I am the genius of this place,
And is it not a lovely dell
For industry and love to dwell?"

But Gladstone land has just ae fau't,
And Gladstone mind has just anither,
And these two fau'ts, when both combined,
Will cause fair Gladstone muccle bother.
The fau't o' Gladstone land is—water,
The fau't o' Gladstone mind is—clatter,
The water floods, the land does spoil,
The clatter floods, the mind does soil,
The water droons and kills the grain,
The clatter droons and kills the name.

The genius said, "I hae a plan"
That will bring some folk muccle glory,
Caswell and Keetch will drain the mind,
While land is drained by Mr. Cory,
And railway trains and steamboat lines,
Shall sail and traverse Palestine.

I tell you, just as he began—
Some one cried, "Wha's made the sneck fast?"
And Mary's voice, above the wind,
Cried, "You, up there, come doon to breakfast."
The rain in torrents doon was pouring,
I was in bed, and Bob was snoring.

WEE MANITOBA

Auld Britain has routh o' Colonial bairns,
Some grown up to manhood, some yet in her arms,
But the latest, and fairest, and best o' them a'
Is bonny, young, winsome, Wee Manitoba.

Poor thing, when a waen she was scantily fed,
On pemmican snaps, and as scantily clad,
Shaganapy on Sundays and week days an' a'
Aye buskit the beauty o' Manitoba.

But this hamely maid had a tocher the best,
O' a' the young lasses that won in the west,
Her furs and her forests, and prairies so braw,
Brought mony fond woers to Manitoba.

A company first, o' impoverished Peers,
Had squandered their siller in huntin' the dears,
Wad yet hae a chance o' rich haiffs to claw,
By pouchin' the tocher o' Manitoba.

They hauled and they harled, by land and by sea,
Let nane but themselves ever get a bawbee,
It seemed that the very life's blude they wud draw
Frae the heart o' oor bonny Wee Manitoba.

Dominion cried : "Let the bit lassie alane,
We'll tend her wee tocher, and gie ye a bane
To pick, and to soothe your voracious maw,
But bother nae mair the Wee Manitoba."

Frae castle and parlor, frae kitchen and pleuch,
Frae England and Scotland and Parle-voo,
The half-breed and hale-breed and nae breed ava,
Are hauling and pu'in Wee Manitoba.

The tocher, intended for plenty and bliss
Has brocht her already a load o' distress,
There's so mony pu'in', to pieces they'll draw,
Oor bonny, young, winsome, Wee Manitoba.

But thanks to her training she's teuch and she's bauld,
Unscorched by the fire, unfrozen by cauld,
Undrooned by the big flood that threatened us a'
She's here, and she's scaithless, Wee Manitoba.

She's been daunted, and flattered, and wrangly advised,
She's been cheated, and bartered, and monopolized,
She's been feasted, and hungered, grasshoppered and a'
And yet she's oor healthy, Wee Manitoba.

She's been Reilled, the poor lassie, and sadly dismayed,
Archibalded and Tachied, as weel's Hudson Bayed,
Ritchotted, McDougalled, McDonaled and a',
Still dauntless and happy is Manitoba.

These trials are past noo, give thanks to the day
That sent us a Morris, the sceptre to sway,
When Wooded wi' justice and Cornished wi' law,
We may yet get the tocher for Manitoba.

— x —
WRITTEN IN MR. ——'S ALBUM

For the sins of the body, the soul and the brain,
The devil got power over Editor M——,
And with inward delight, and a fiendish 'ha, ha,'
He spitefully bore him to Manitoba.

Where he thinks of the women, and thinks of the wine
And the days, and the nights, and the joys of lang syne
And with many a heartache, and many a moan,
He pines out his days in the city of Gladstone.

But just to remind him he was not in hell,
The devil brought over Patm—— and O——l,
And if they're not sufficient to make demons flee,
Just send for assistance to "W. G."

— x —
THE AULD HOOSE AT HAME—A Visit.

I'm thirty years in Canada,
Aye, thirty years and three,
And noo, to see auld Scotland's hills
Ance mair before I die.

Speed on, speed on, my bonny boat,
Speed on, speed on, wi' me,
I long to see the Auld Kirk burn
Aunce mair before I die.

There is still the Little Ross,
And Selkirk woods so green,
The bonny, bonny banks o' Dee,
And teuch auld Whisky Jean.

But stop not here; though fair it be,
Come o'er these Boreland hills,
Across these valleys—let me see
My native purling rills.

Auld Rainton rills, Oh, let me see,
They're music to my ears,
The hazel glen and auld Kendown,
Where sport the nimble hares.

I'll drink out of this little well,
This little well so clear,
My brother made it when a child,
When we were sporting here.

Spring on beneath this hawthorn tree,
Down in this lonely glen,
He lies in cold, cold foreign ground,
While you are still the same.

Here is the brig, grown frail with age,
Beside the auld sloe-thorn,
But, soft, there stands my native cot,
The cot where I was born.

A lowly cot, a roof of straw,
But dearer far to me,
Than crowns to kings, or mansions great,
To men of high degree.

'Twas here I drew my infant breath,
My mother cradled me
Within these ancient walls, and watched
O'er my young infancy.

My sisters and my brothers, too,
Here toyed with childish glee,
My father tenderly watched o'er,
And smiled our pranks to see.

That ancient cot is still the same,
I know that valley green,
I know that rill meandering down
These lofty hills between.

The apple tree's still growing there,
I know the very spot,
But where are the inhabitants
Of this my ancient cot ?

Oh, where is the maternal voice,
That often welcomed me ?
I see not one familiar face,
So oft I used to see.

Oh, where are all those children dear,
That often here did roam ?
They're gone—all gone—and I stand here
A stranger at my home.

— x —

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES

ABOUT THE TIMES 1884.

Noo what has gone wrong wi' Prince Albert, ava ?
He has routh o' Divinity, Physic and Law,
And storefu's o' dry-goods, eggs, butter and cheese,
But he's fairly gaen wud wi' the want o' bawbees.

On leaving the hamestead he started at ance,
For he was a hardy and plucky young Prince,
Didna' hing by his father and think o' his ease,
But would fend for himsel' and wud earn' his bawbees.

So he travelled thro' woodland, o'er mountain an' main,
Until he arrived at this beautiful plain,
On the banks o' the river, 'mid flowers and trees,
He sat down forever to coin his bawbees.

And my, hoo he traded and harled thiem home,
Frae halfbreed, and wholebreed and Indian grandames,
'Mong the furs o' the forest he lounged at his ease,
Till his pocket was crammed fu' o' gowden bawbees.

And streets he surveyed, lying tier behind tier,
And hooses he bigget, too, year after year,
And gardens he diggit, and planted wi' trees,
And Prince Albert was happy wi' routh o' bawbees.

Till, creeping along, came the year eighty-four, [glower
Which caused young Prince Albert to gape and to
Some ane frae the east came and gaed him a squeeze,
And pilfered his pocket o' a' his bawbees.

And wha was the miscreant that came frae the east?
Naebody can tell, be he man, be he beast,
Or whether frae earth, or the air, or the seas.
Cam' the carle that cleikit Prince Albert's bawbees.

Some say it was Johnnie wha took the command,
And sent speculation to plunder the land.
And monopoly greedy to grab a' he sees,
And gobble the country, as weel's the bawbees.

Some say it was Tilley, wha made a great feast,
To some manufacturers ower in the east,
And sent to the Nor'-West the awfu N.P.,
That cleans every pocket of ilk a bawbee.

Noo wha's in the right o't, or wha's in the wrang,
Daddy Time will determine before very lang,
But there's ae thing that's certain, and every ane sees,
There's no the least doot that we're scant o' bawbees.

— x —

THE OLD TIMES vs. THE NEW

Oh for the times that some despise,
At least, I think so, me whatever,
Before the transfer made us wise,
And Politics had made us clever.

Then faith and friendship, hand in hand,
A kindly tell to all were telling,
From east to west, throughout the land,
Contentment reigned in every dwelling.

'Twas then our men, in corduroys,
Would travel to the church on Sunday,
And listen to the good man's voice,
And do as he had said, on Monday.

Our women, too, both wife and maid,
Wore lovely tresses for a bonnet,
A goodly shawl around the head,
Was all they ever put upon it.

The cash was scarce, 'twas very true,
But then it was not much we wanted,
Our artificial wants were few,
And we were happy and contented.

But now, alas, the times are changed,
At least, I think so, me whatever,
And artificial wants are ranged
And piled in heaps along the river.

Our women have thrown by the shawl,
And got instead a showy bonnet,
With many a costly falderal
Of feather, silk, and lace upon it.

Our men, despising corduroys,
In broadcloth deck the church on Sunday,
And then go home to criticize,
And do as they've a mind on Monday.

Our good old Faith's supplied by doubt,
Our Friendship killed by speculation,
And sweet Content is banished out,
And grumbling envy fills her station.

O, for the times that some despise !
At least, I think so, me whatever,
Before the transfer made us wise,
And Politics had made us clever.

THE GRASSHOPPERS OF 1874-5.

O' a' the pests that spoil the land
There ne'er came such a curse as that is,
They've ate my barley, wheat and oats,
My turnips and my Rose potatoes!

Waur than all the Egyptian plagues
That ever bothered auld King Pharaoh;
Waur than a' the rust and bugs
That spoiled the craps in old Ontario;
Waur than lice, or itch, or fleas,
Or treacherous Indian war-whooper,
Waur than the sum o' a' disease,
Is that infernal wee grasshopper.

We wrought right hard, the bairns and I,
The wife was saving, leal and thrifty,
Had got the length o' twa-three kye,
And plewed and harro'd acres fifty;
The craps looked weel, but no man knows,
In Manitoba what his fate is,
So here sit I to sing the loss
O' barley, oats, wheat and potatoes.

Wi' gloomy thoughts, foreboding ill,
I gaed to kirk for consolation,
And there, I wat, I got my fill,
A dooble dose o' condemnation.
For Daddy Young, and Fawcett, too,
And Wilson, scaul'd and argued at us,
And said 'twas for the ill we do—
That we hae' lost our Rose potatoes!

Ye legally elected few,
Wha had the strings o' public purses,
Divinity now points at you,
For bringing these devouring curses;
The clergy say, wha surely ken,
You've caused the powers aboon to hate us,
So here sit I, wi' empty wame—
Withoot my early Rose potatoes.

Aboot yersels, I wadna' say.
Ye reverend, black-coated gentry—
To take a dose o' what ye gie
Might be a blessing to the country.
If a' be true that ye hae said,
'Tis heaven's way o' getting at us,
I'm sure we should be unco' glad
But O, my Early Rose potatoes!

— x —

READ AT PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE ON ST. ANDREWS' NIGHT, 18—

Ye kindly chielz and brither Scots,
We've met ance more together
In honor o' oor native land,
The land o' hill and heather.
To hear again the auld Scotch sangs,
Sae couthie, cute, and kind,
That pleased sae weil when we were young
In the days o' auld lang syne.

A Scotchman on a distant shore,
What pleases him the best,
When far frae hame in foreign land,
Like us in the Nor'-West?
When working hard and striving sair,
What pleases maist the mind?
'Tis nights like this, and sangs like these,
In memory of lang syne.

Then tell the tales that hae been told
So often by so many,
And speak the words that hae been spoke
By dear auld worthy grannie,
And sing the sangs that hae been sung,
They're better far than mine;
The couthie sangs, the kindly sangs,
The sangs o' auld lang syne.

READ AT THE PORTAGE
ON ST. ANDREWS' NIGHT, 1875.

All hail to old St. Andrew, so long beneath the sod,
Who led the Scottish heart to love its country and its God,
To choose the path that leads above and shun the path below,
And taught our old forbears to think two thousand years ago

All hail to Scotlands heather hills from Caithness to the Cree,
All hail to all the 'noble dead' who kept these mountains free,
Who turned the Roman legion back and broke oppression's bow
And freedom gained for Scotia's sons, a thousand years ago

All hail to Bruce and Wallace and all who fought for right,
Against the haughty tyrant king who trusted in his might,
All hail, ye gallant Scottish men who quelled the southern foe
Bequeathing freedom to their sons, five hundred years ago.

All hail, ye holy warriors, ye noblest of mankind, [the mind
Who lived and loved, and fought, and fell, for the freedom of
Who pulled oppression from his throne, laid persecution low,
And left God's altar free to all, two hundred years ago.

All hail, to our forefathers, the brave, the true, the bold,
Who left us an inheritance, more precious far than gold,
And may their sons in every land forever have to show,
As good a record as they've shown, a thousand years ago.

Ye sons of bonny Scotland, assembled here to-night,
Forever frown upon the wrong, and battle for the right,
Forever help a wanting friend, and always face a foe,
As your forefathers always did, a thousand years ago.

REPLY TO J. S. McDONALD,

Secty, St. Andrews Society, Portage la Prairie,
who invited me to attend Burns'
Anniversary.

Dear Johnnie, lad, I canna gang
To crack the joke and hear the sang,
I ablins might just bide ower lang,
 Wi't in my ee,
The unco gude would ca' it wrang,
 And tak the gie.

And then they'd fa' on me pell-mell,
Wi' Calvin craw and Wesley yell,
And a' the names the tongue can tell,
 They'd surely ca' me,
And in the hottest nuke o' hell,
 They fain would thraw me.

Besides first Monday's drawing near,
When public franchise doth appear,
Pomosity wi' envious sneer,
 Will rave and rant,
And ignorance is sure to cheer
 The empty cant.

But think not, ye assembled here,
That Scotland is to me less dear,
Or Scotland's bard I less revere,
 Than in the body,
I sat amid your festive cheer,
 And stirred the toddy.

No, let my lot be where it may,
Though I may travel night and day,
In foreign countries far away,
 And lang, lang gaen,
While memory o'er me holds her sway,
 I'll think o' hame.

I see the Dee sweep past Knockmore,
The distant mountains bleak and hoar,
The auld thack hoose I see the door,
 The butt and ben,
Where childhood's days I past o' yore,
 Doon in the glen.

I see the trees beside the hill,
Where first I raised my wee windmill,
I see the burn, I see the well,
 Between the braes,
Where often I hae played mysel,
 And gathered slaes.

I see the heighs, I see the hous,
The whinny and the broomy knowes,
Where tender hearts made tender vows,
 Aye true to be,
As lang's the wimpling burnie flows,
 Doon to the sea.

And Burns wha sang thy loves so well,
Thy daisy downs and heather bell.
Thy mountain, moor, and haugh and dell,
 And woodlands wild,
Has charmed me as by magic spell,
 E'en since a child.

Is there a Scot this earth aboon,
Frae Scotia's hills to Hobart Toon,
But what the braes o' bonny Doon,
 Or Highland Mary,
Would make his heart beat time to tune,
 E'en at la Prairie.

Is there a heart baith true and leal,
That up the hill o' fame can speel,
Yet for his neighbors waes can feel,
 And to him turns,
Showing mercy e'en to the deil;
 That heart lo'es Burns.

Is there a land, is there a clime,
Where freedom dwells or love sublime,
Where honest worth and manhood shine
 Above the throng.
That land loves Burns and Burns' rhyme
 And Burns' song.

— X —

THERE WAS A YOUNG LAD.

There was a young lad saw a bonny wee lass,
He thought he would try the winning o't,
He looted his head and he stole a wee kiss,
And that was the whole beginning o't.
She jumpit, she scauldit, she blushed and she banned
She ca'd him an impudent rakish young man,
He looted his head and he stole it again,
And lang they laughed ower the stealing o't.

Doon by yon dike-side beside a slae-thorn,
The moon and the stars are shining on't,
The laddie and lassie, right cosy and warm,
In a bonny grey plaid is reclining on't.
He pressed, he caressed her, he blessed and he sighed
He sued and he wooed her to be his sweet bride,
She looked up, she looked doon, she looked roon and
She laughed and she shook the bit headie o't. [cried,

There is a wee hoosie beside a wee burn,
In a glen wi' a hill by the side o't,
The laddie lives there, and he isna' forlorn,
The lassie's the bonny we bridie o't.
And there's Jemy and Jennie, and Johnnie and Will,
And red cheekit Peggy, and bonny wee Nell,
A' healthy and happy, and hearty and hale,
And so it goes on till the ending o't.